

*A Prayer of Thanksgiving for His MAJESTIES  
late Victory over the Rebels.*

*O Thou God of Hosts, who goest forth with our Armies, and pleadest the cause of thine Anointed against them that strive with Him, we acknowledge with all lowliness of mind, that it is not our sword, nor the multitude of our Host that hath saved us, but it is thy Hand alone that hath disposed of Victory to thy Servant the King, that hath covered his Head in the day of Battaille, and hath kept his Crown from being thrown down to the ground. Not unto us therefore, not unto us, but unto thee, O God, do we give the praise, beseeching thee to accomplish the great work thou hast begun for us, to continue the blessings of Good successe on the head of our Sovereigne, and on His Armie, that the happinesse thereof may flow from thence to the very skirts of His People, to continue the fear, and consternation which thou hast already cast upon the Hearts of those who have rebelliously risen up against Him, to enfeeble their strengths, to infatuate their Counsels, undeceive and disabuse the seduced part of them, that they may know, and feele, that to take up Arms against thy Vice-gerent, is to fight against Heaven, that so by a timely and conscientious submission to the just Authority of him whom thou hast set over them, the effusion of more bloud may be prevented, the peace of this distracted Kingdome settled, Faction may be cast out of the State, and Schisme out of the Church, to the advancement of thy Glory, the Kings Honour, and the Peoples good. Grant this, O God, for thy old mercies sake, which thou wert wont to shew unto this Nation, that both Prince and People may joyne in giving praise to thee, who livest and raignest world without end. Amen.*